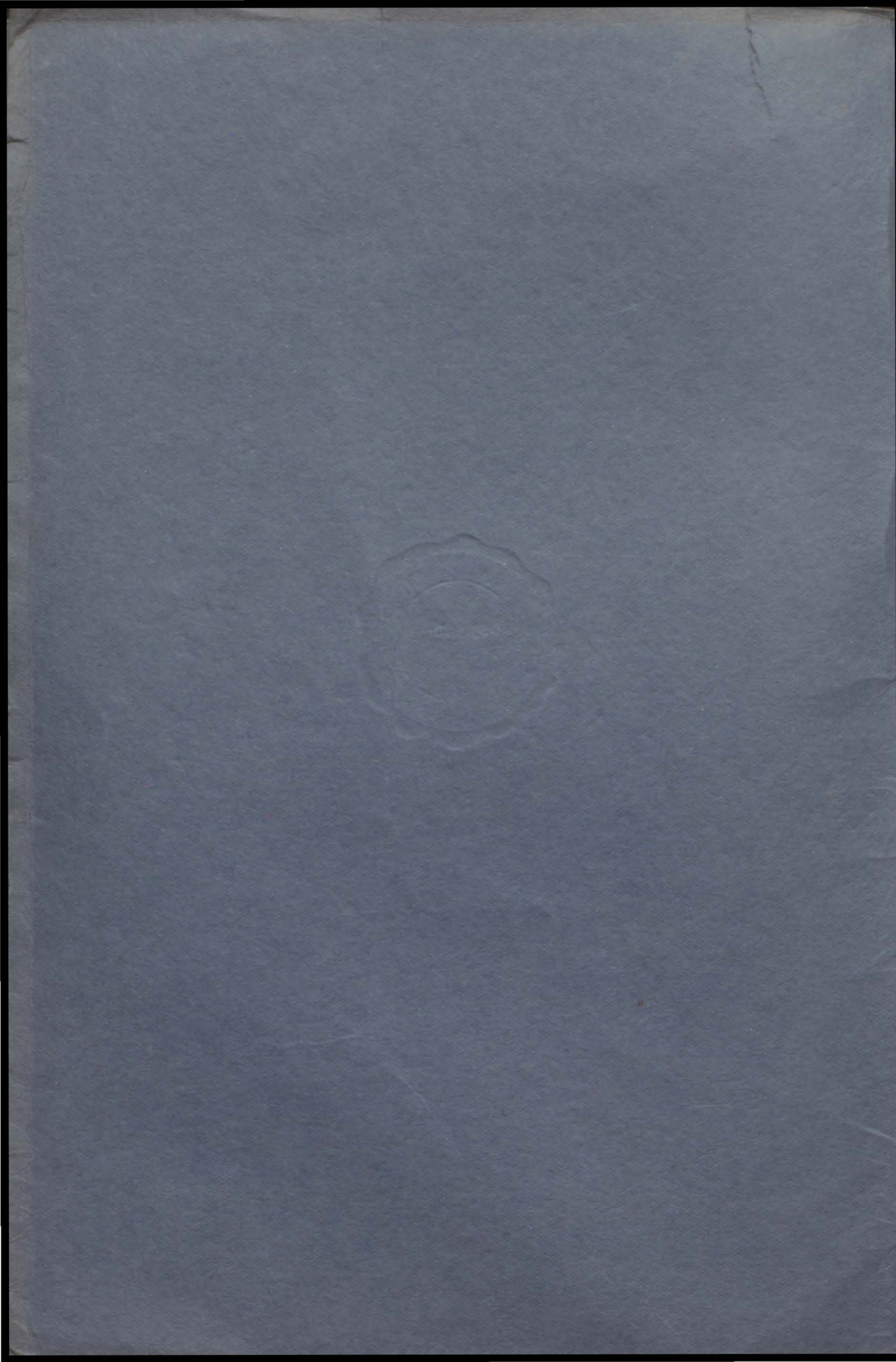


THE ASTER



February Number
1924-1925



SAVE

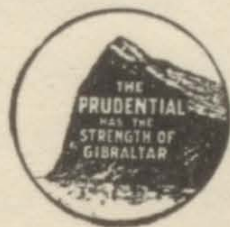
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THE ASTER

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1924-25

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EDITORIALS

ANNUS Mirabilis! Thus we hail 1925, which besides luring us to make and then break the usual resolutions, is also making history for us. Scientists waited with untold patience for four hundred and sixty years to see a total eclipse that lasted only a few seconds! But this was the super eclipse of the ages—the nonpareil of all time. In the same way, for about ten years, Mrs. Lamont has waited for a new school. We have all dreamed about it and built castles in the air but that is as far as we ever got. New school buildings do not spring up over night; it meant planning and toil and courage to attain such a desire. But at last our wishes have come true with the New Year.

The two months' history of the proceedings has been most exciting. One day in November the door of the Senior room was emphatically closed and classes waited, wondering, outside. Then, after some time, the door opened and Mrs. Lamont, with a twinkle in her eye, stepped out followed by the Seniors, each looking very mysteriously at one another. This was the first intimation of the possibilities of acquiring the Heller estate. But after further arrangement, Mrs. Lamont announced to the school, a few weeks later the wonderful news, and gave us a general idea as to what had to be done in order to obtain the estate. It looked to all of us like a great undertaking but with co-operation it might easily be accomplished.

It was at this time that the Board of Trustees was formed with Mr. Farrand, Head Master of the Newark Academy, as Chairman. Several meetings took place and by Christmas a neat little pile of gilt edged engraved bonds reposed on the desk in the office. Mrs. Lamont explained that morning in Assembly that these were one thousand dollar bonds issued to raise the money that was to be paid by January 13th. It sounded like a tremendous sum, but nevertheless it had to be accumulated in that short time. The bonds would make very pleasing Christmas gifts, to be sure, as Mrs. Lamont said, and I do believe there were a few who found them peeping out of their stockings on Christmas morn! The following weeks

were engulfed in an atmosphere of suspense. But it was amazing, if not astounding, to see how generous people could be. Those who did not care to take a whole bond could share half with someone else. Thus the required sum was raised in time and by the 14th of January we learned that the title to the property had been passed and—*"Mirabile dictu!"*—the Heller estate is ours.

What a feeling of pride exalts us now! We surely have something to look forward to and to live up to. Whether we move into this glorious edifice in the Spring is a question yet to be decided. We all hope so, and the Seniors have a special desire to do so, if just to get a taste of what the future holds in store for others.

A WARNING TO CROSS WORD PUZZLE FANS

RECENTLY a new fad has been taken up by the American people, that of the cross word puzzles. The idea is not new. We have seen them in a New York newspaper for a good many years but it has been only a few months since the public, ever on the alert for a new "thrill," has taken up the idea and made it famous. Many thousand of puzzles have been published, either in book form or in the daily papers. Everywhere we go we see people working them—on trains, on trolleys, at parties and even in the class room. Since this sport, if it may be called such, has taken such a grip on the American people, is it not wise that we stop to consider its value?

One thing in favor of the puzzle is the fact that more of Mr. Webster's well-known books are being sold and *used* more than ever before in history. Such a widespread use of the Dictionary is undoubtedly a good thing. Words are used now in every day parlance never before heard of except from the lips of learned pedagogues.

However, most of the people who use them do not stop to consider whether the word is correctly used or not. There is a word connotation, that requires that an adjective be used in its proper sense and meaning. No two words in the English language have exactly the same meaning and there is a place for everything. A fist means a closed hand yet we would not think of saying, "The lovely lady Madeleine entered the room with a flower in her fist." Another thing against the idea is that, because of the great demand for the puzzles, those who make them up are unable to do so fast enough and in order to supply this demand they consequently include words that are obsolete, colloquial or that cannot find a place in our daily conversation and are therefore useless.

What then is the result? The public uses words in the wrong sense. They use words that are obsolete and try to show off a large vocabulary they have acquired although it is not understood and not required. A wide vocabulary is a useful thing, and an asset, but it must be correct and authoritative or it is of little value.

THE ASTER

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A WINTER NIGHT

Stately rides the pallid moon in splendor,
While the silv'ry, twinkling stars attend her;
They throw across the gleaming snow, a path
Of glistening mist. Around the fairy trees
The moon hath cast a mellow crown of beams,
And like a veil of silver down, she cloaks
The far, distant, snow-slung mountain slopes,
Then softly, slowly steals into the west.

M. C., '28.

THE LONE CROCUS

In the corner of a garden
Blooms a little crocus white,
Opening its tiny petals
To the early morning light.

It is soft and very fragile,
As it slowly opens up;
And the figure of the crocus
Looks like just a tiny cup.

It is waiting, oh so patient,
For the summer sun to rise;
And is wondering very anxious
If its little mates survive.

G. H., '27.

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship adds to every mortal's life
A joy more rare than any earthly thing;
It bears us far above all present strife,
Exalts us to the high rank of a king.

Friendship inspires a faith in all mankind
Also in the divine Creator's power
And keeps more sordid thoughts of mind
Away from each more sacred hour.

Friendship helps us through our many trials
And makes us long to bear our neighbor's cares
And through our tears oft brings our smiles
To bear our own, and even lighten theirs.

K. H., '27.

THE ASTER

SUNRISE

No sound is heard in the early dawn
All calm and still;
Faintly whispers the southern breeze
Over the hill.

Night is lifting her soft gray veil
With tender hand,
Gathering in the twinkling stars
That guard the land.

Now in the east a rosy glow
Dawns in the sky,
Waking the flowers and tiny things
From their lullaby.

The rosy light turns brilliant gold
Brighter and brighter till
The sun flames forth in glad new day
Over the hill.

M. C., '29.

The Road

WHETHER or not you will like this story and appreciate it, depends entirely upon you and the particular mood you are in when you read it. The plot is short, so I shall begin right here; but let me first warn you that you read at your own risk. From now on the responsibility is all yours.

My story is laid in a small Middle Western town, a second "Main Street" so to speak. Here the hero, Arthur Allen, and his wife, Mary, the heroine, an unromantic couple will in six short days have traveled over the road of matrimony for thirteen years. The road was, as a rule, smooth and unruffled, but there was an occasional bump and detour, which of course was natural.

Arthur Allen had been an inventor ever since his last days of college, when he was so sure that the old world could not wait till he was graduated, so that he could improve it. He knew positively that he would be successful and that he was picked out to be a genius. And his young wife, a co-ed of his college, was sure of it too. With her aid he would be famous within a short time. But somehow the world was not waiting with arms outstretched to greet them. When they arrived in Greenville, Iowa, thirteen years after their marriage, it was without the notice of the rest of the world.

Since Mary and Arthur had come to Greenville and started

along the highway of married life, they had found it both good and bad, and very hard to get along—especially when one's husband was a poor unfound wonder of an inventor. But their road when out of repair was always put under rapid reconstruction all was then, again, smooth and flawless.

For years Allen had worked hard. He was not lazy; he had invented much but little that was a necessity to this world. True, he had made a little money, some here and some there, but it was not enough to keep his household. So Mary had taken a position in a victrola factory. She was in the office but occasionally she got into the plant.

For weeks our inventor had been tinkering, playing, in a secluded part of the house with a thing so small it could hardly be seen. When anyone came near, it was quietly and hastily hidden away. At all this silence and secrecy Mary's patience was nearly exhausted. She was not curious because she had so often before been kept in suspense for nothing at all. She knew, however, what he was working at and she also knew that it had lately been sent back by some company. Suddenly she forgot her own annoyance at his silence, and became enraged. How dare any company return such a valuable masterpiece. She would not have known this had not her husband at an unguarded moment told her all about it and how it worked. But she could not stand this seclusion of her husband; she must see more of him. She would have to fix it! Yes, she had a plan!

The next day the Allens' road of matrimony had become so bad that it would apparently have to end. It was too bad, but what could be done? Arthur was in a fury; Mary had admitted taking his wonderful invention, which he now had perfected and finished. She had taken it with no other excuse than that it was for their happiness and what she had done with it she would not tell.

Arthur Allen was really ending the road on this the day which made it thirteen years that they had been married. At this very moment he was leaving, as he was about to slam the door behind him with a bang something seemed to call him back. The tinkle of the telephone bell called him till he had to answer.

"Yes, this is Mr. Arthur Allen—Yes—no, it can't be so—all right, I'll come at once—good-bye, sir."

He put down the receiver with a look of wonder in his eyes, then slowly there came a light of understanding and love. He called out in a happy yet half-ashamed voice:

"Mary, you wonder! My dear, you're a little genius. How did you ever sell my radio attachment for a victrola to your company?"

Happily, their road did not end. What seemed the end was merely a ditch which made the road more smooth and happier than ever when they finally came out on top.

L.M.D., '25.

Laocoön

PERHAPS the best known museum of art treasures in Italy is the Vatican at Rome. Certainly it contains its share of the priceless "*objets des artes*" of the world. One may spend a month wandering through its endless galleries and still see only a part of what they have to show.

There are many points of interest in the building itself for it was at one time the palace of the Pope. Hidden in its foundation lies the Sistine Chapel, an assembly room of the cardinals, its walls decorated with gorgeous paintings by Michael Angelo. This is the only part of the building still used by the clergy, the other three floors being used for the collection of Italy's rare and priceless treasures.

There are many different departments, that of paintings, of antiques, but the one in which we found the greatest interest was that of sculpture. Row upon row of glorious statues stand glistening in the sun, until in their radiant whiteness, they seem to be alive and one has only to half close an eye to imagine them climbing from their pedestals and taking up again the life they depict, which was lain down when the famous ancient made his voyage across the Styx.

One of the most awe-inspiring and unusual statues is that of Laocoön and his sons. It is placed in an ell of the building, slightly raised above the rest of that floor and from its niche upon this dias it commands the entire room. Perhaps it is because of this or because of the pained expression on the faces of the men that it is the first piece to attract one's attention upon entering the ell. The statue represents Laocoön and his two sons being strangled by serpents. A rather gruesome subject it is; but the gruesomeness is lost in the sheer beauty of the statue. It is molded from exquisite yellow-white marble in which the natural tracery of yellow threads serve as the veins of the men and adds yet another point toward their reality.

The central figure representing the father is superb. We immediately sense his great strength in the bulging muscles, the outstanding veins, the perfect physique. One arm is upflung grasping a wriggling, twisting serpent in a vain attempt to keep its poisonous fangs from him and his children, who themselves entwined in its powerful coils gaze in supplication to their father, each with an arm outstretched in pleading. In the face of the father the artist has managed to portray his double misery, that of physical pain to his own body, and that greater agony of seeing both his sons struck down before his eyes while he is unable to save them. His face in the portrayal of the death agony of the best of fathers who feels that in the supreme test he has failed.

As one gazes spell-bound at this statue one feels that its author must have believed its incident to be real in order to represent it so vividly, and we are not surprised when we find it taken from actual history. Laocoön was a Trojan living at the time of the Trojan War. He was a man well-known and admired in the city, being the head priest in the Temple of Neptune. When at the supposed end of the war the Greeks sailed away leaving behind them the far-fabled wooden horse as a votive to Neptune, Laocoön was the only man among the Trojans who suspected the meaning of the wooden animal and begged the people not to bring it within the city, as he felt sure it meant evil. But the eager Trojans pushed him aside and Laocoön, seeing he could not prevail upon his countrymen, repaired with his sons to the shore of the sea to pray to its god. While they were thus engaged two serpents came up out of the sea and strangled the unhappy men. The Trojans feeling that this was the just wrath of the Gods against Laocoön for his interference with the offering, joyously hauled the great thing within the city gates, with the disastrous results known to all readers of history. Who knows, perhaps after the loss of their city, the Trojans remembering the counsel of Laocoön sighed, "O, if only we had heeded him!" Such must have been their tardy appreciation of his sincere advice.

It is an interesting fact that this, one of the best examples of ancient sculpture, is by an artist entirely unknown. There is no clue to be found on the statue, in ancient tablets or books, or near the spot on the Esquiline Hill in Rome where in 1506 it was exhumed, although many have searched for one diligently. That genius lived and died in obscurity leaving behind him this great memorial which through the ages will remind awestruck admirers of his one time existence.

It is only with the greatest difficulty that we tear ourselves from the statue to explore another chamber in this house of treasures and at the door we take a last backward glance, fixing the statue and its depiction forever in our minds, its memory to be treasured as one of the most beautiful things we have ever seen.

W. R., '25.

ENGLISH HUMOR

An Englishman and an American went out for a hike in the country when they came to a crossroads. A sign pointing in one direction read: "This road leads to Bayville,; if you can't read go ask the sheriff!"

The American immediately saw the joke and laughed heartily most of the afternoon. When suddenly, after they had walked a long way, the Englishman broke into a guffaw. Upon questioned as to the source of his mirth he said: "Haw-haw! I say, old thing, I was just thinking, supposing the bally old sheriff wasn't there!"

THE OCEAN

A misty, unveiled Beauty,
Revealing in short moments its alluring colors,
Recoiling at the touch of sand,
Rushing with a roaring swish against the rock-bound shore;
Prying the secrets of unknown coves,
Moaning and sighing through all the day and night;
Reflecting the restlessness of the moon,—
Dazzling the brightness of the sun;
Hiding treasures of Pirate days,
Relinquishing its hold upon some jewel;
Calm yet surging
An ever bubbling mass of mystery!

D. S., '26.

Where There's A Will—

MARION PRICE'S grandfather had upon his death left his vast fortune to her, his only granddaughter. But she was not to receive this all at one time. Old Mr. Price, fearing that his granddaughter would be inclined to waste her time and his well earned money foolishly, decided upon the advice of his lawyer to use means to prevent this. He made his will into four parts, each part was sealed in an envelope and each envelope was numbered; the first I, the second II, etc.; these were to be opened according to numbers on them.

Upon opening the first envelope, Marion read as follows:

"My dear Marion:

In order that you prove yourself capable of handling this large amount of money I intended to give you, and to make sure that your life is not wasted, I have planned three things for you to do.

The first is that you must give up all the luxuries and conveniences you are now used to, and live in a college settlement for six months.

There you must devote yourself to some occupation for the good of the settlement.

This may seem very hard and strange to you at first, my child; but when you are older, and have completed the tasks I have set for you to do, I think you will understand more clearly.

I have provided you with the necessary amount, which Mr. Davis will see that you receive.

Your affectionate grandfather,

"Lewis Price."

Marion, a young fun-loving girl of twenty, could not imagine

what her grandfather was about. But, believing it to be another one of his queer ideas, decided to get to work at once and have the misery done with.

In the college settlement she was given a very small room, neatly but scantily furnished. It was quite different from anything she had been used to before. There was ever the hum-drum of the people of the slums, children hungry and dirty looking, constantly running in and out. Marion was given work to do in the library which, at first, she loathed with her whole heart and soul, but later she became quite interested and the six months sped by rapidly.

Then the second envelope was opened and upon reading this, Marion discovered that she was to earn all by herself two hundred dollars.

"Oh," thought Marion, "this is a small sum; I can do that in no time.

But she was very much mistaken, as she soon found out, for no one seemed to desire a woman having no experience whatever. She finally decided that there was nothing else for her to do but to go around from house to house selling silk stockings or something of the sort.

This was very slow and tedious work for many of the people were exceedingly rude, and many a door was slammed in poor Marion's face. She had many disagreeable experiences, so that by the time her two hundred dollars was earned she had learned to appreciate its value.

The third letter stated that she must pay for and plan some poor child's education. Of course, the necessary amount was given.

A great responsibility was now thrown on Marion for she was obliged first to find a child worthy of this gift; then, she must buy clothing and other necessary things. Then last of all she must pick out a suitable school.

When these three tasks were completed, Marion was an entirely different girl. She had learned, by living among poor people to appreciate her own wealth; she had been taught the value of money, and she had learned to spend it wisely.

Upon opening the fourth letter she read:

"My dear Marion:

Now that you have proved yourself worthy of this fortune I am leaving you I wish to congratulate you for your good work. I want you to use this money in anyway you see fit.

Your loving grandfather,

"Lewis Price."

E. S., '26.

BLOSSOM TIME

Have you ever seen an orchard
When 'tis like the winter's snow,
With the blossoms all a twirling
As soft breezes make them go?
While the robins flit o'er tree top,
And their songs float o'er the field,
While bright and happy children
Gather blossoms while they yield?
Near the babbling brook the willow,
O'er the mossy banks, does bend;
Trailing fingers in the water
While, aloft, her song she sends.
'Cross the fields aglow with light,
Swallows soaring in the sky
Swoop and dip to earth once more
Ere they seek their home on high.

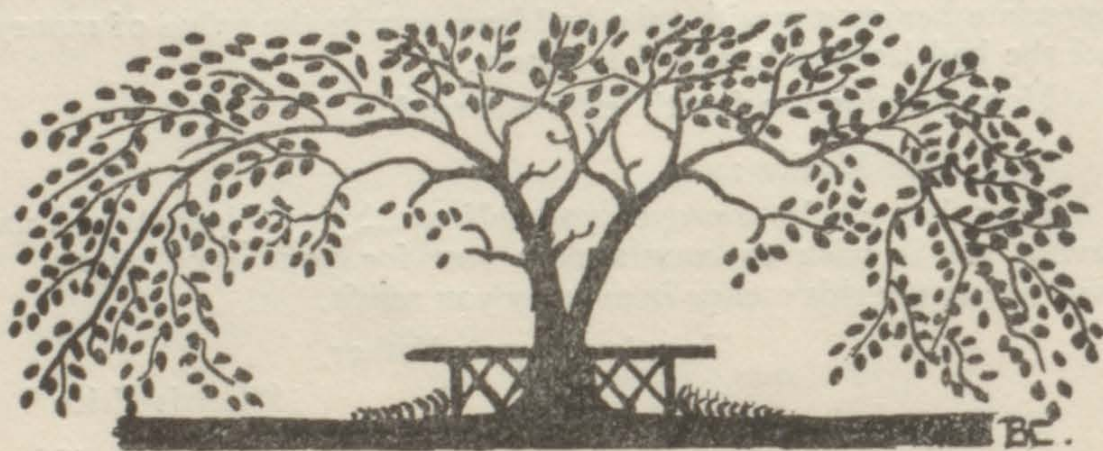
E. McG., '27.

First Hiker—Which way shall we go?

Second Hiker—I think this one has more free rides.

“Ever hear that one about the Peevish Highway?”

“Well, it was a cross road.”



At Cypreæ

“FIVE days we sailed as well by night as day, and on the sixth day, we drew near the island, Cypreæ, encircled by a halo of sparkling blue water, where the tiny drawves live, never eating, but living on the sparkles of thousands of gems and the dull glittering of gold, silver and copper. The sky-stretching mountains rose tall and mighty and beetling cliffs o’erhung the wine-dark sea; nowhere was a harbor. Here indeed must we meet our doom as our supplies had almost given out. So our hearts were crushed within us and my men moaned and tore their hair. In desperation we circled round and round the island and finally decided to cable our dark-bowed ship to a rock, set firm in the earth. By means of a rope tied round the waist of each man, we scaled the cliff, I in the lead, the tiny splinters of rock tearing my hands and often I lost my treacherous foothold only to slide back again. At last we reached the top after much torture and hardship worn with fatigue we lay down to sleep.

“Soon golden-throned dawn appeared; after we had eaten our last scanty meal, clear-eyed Athene put strength in us and courage in our hearts. I selected ten of the strongest men and hastily set out to visit the inhabitants of the mysterious island. Unarmed, bare and ragged we came to the dark-mouthed cave of the drawves. Shouting aloud, we waited at the entrance cave, our eyes trying in vain to pierce the murky gloom, but nothing was to be seen. We sat ourselves down and waited for three hours by the exalted sun, all the while getting hungrier and hungrier.

“At last unable to stand the temptation, we strode boldly into the gloomy cave. We walked and walked until, faint with hunger and despairing in hope, we started back. But the gods were against us that day and the dreary passage into the cold underworld, seemed now an inextricable maze. While standing around and shivering in the darkness, of a sudden doorlike openings appeared on every side and horrible, bearded, long-nosed gnomes rushed at us with tiny swords like streaks of flame made of a single red diamond and we, awe stricken, clambered over one another, unheeding of manner, in our haste to get away from the warlike demons. I alone escaped from the writhing mass, but my brave comrades were killed unmercifully by the terrible dwarves.

“But as I was dashing away some of the dwarves saw me escaping and dashed after me in swift pursuit. Stumbling, I half fell half slid down the steep cliff to my ship. The rest of my comrades, seeing me thus pursued, hastily set aloft the great white sail, cut the cable, and as I leaped onto the deck, struck the foaming water with oars that never pulled so hard as they did that day. The dwarves,

angry at my escape, threw their flaming swords at us, but none did harm because we were all safely hidden. Gaspingly, I told my story and clear eyed Athene, in the form of the helmsman, steered us to the island of Sirens, where we sold all the swords, but one, which I have kept for Telemachus, my son, for a goodly supply of food.

So we sailed away, glad to be clear of death but missing our dear comrades."

M. C., '28.

A Trip to Mars

WE set out (my chum, K. T., and I), in a very modern 2125 model airplane. It was equipped with huge air tanks and every convenience for our comfort. It was a regular line to Mars. We intended to visit the council there and have a pleasant vacation.

After a long journey we arrived, and hastened to the council chief, who made us welcome and offered to take us on a sight-seeing trip about the planet. We took a boat along one of the canals (which radiated from the center) and rode around. We had arrived in the morning, and as it was so very hot at noon, we went back soon and rested before going out again. The Martians are a friendly people, and made us welcome by offering us refreshing drinks and strange fruits, queer looking, but quite palatable.

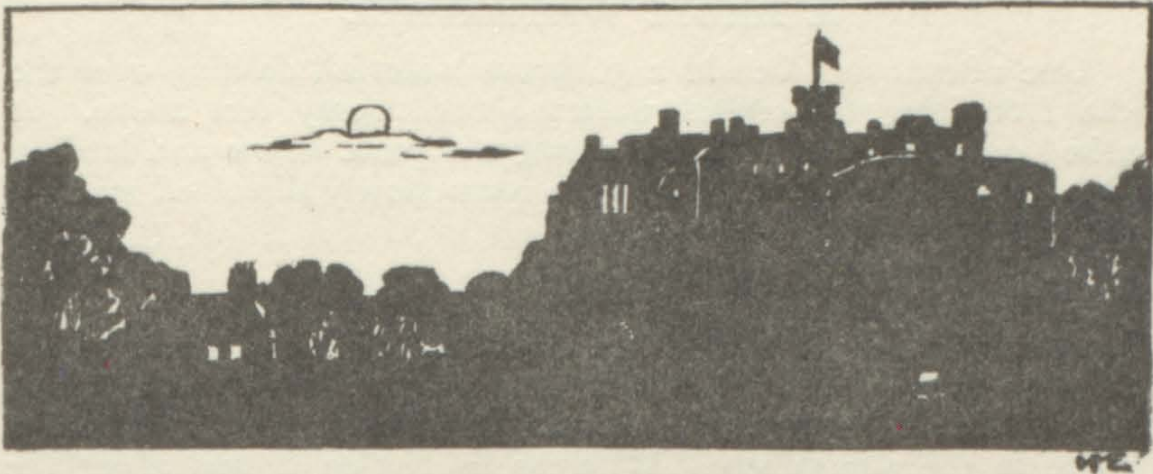
After our rest, we continued our sight-seeing. The surface of Mars is quite flat and smooth, therefore easy to travel over.

We saw while riding, a new canal being dug. It's far easier too, to dig one on Mars on account of Mars being smaller than the earth. The land mass does not resist so much. It is also easily dug because the greater part of the soil is sand, thus giving the planet a reddish color.

After riding a little more we went back to the council-house and had supper. (The days on Mars are about the same as ours.) After supper we talked a while and went to bed. We were provided with plenty of blankets because, while it is very hot at noon there it is extremely cold at night. But cold as it was, my friend and I both wanted to see the two moons of Mars, so we clambered out of bed and looked out. Sure enough there they were, ones in the east and one in the west. We looked at them for a while but being nearly frozen went back to bed again.

And so ended our first day on Mars.

M. A., '29.



Sketches

A ROAD

A DUSTY road whipped by the November winds, the dust clouds in the distance obscuring the white-bricked line perspective. Close at hand through the silver tree trunks and sparsely leaved branches glitter the steel blue waters of a lake. Overhead through the arched branches is a gray, November sky tinged with orange-red flames from the setting sun. Along the edge of the road are low brown bushes with scarlet berries; and to the left a gray boulder with a squirrel perched on it actively engaged with a nut.

B. S., '28.

THE BROOK

It rippled, laughed, gurgled and sang all at once, as it danced over the rocks and combed the hair of the grasses and sifted the sandy bottom.

It was a happy brook, all smiles, you could see ripples of laughter flash and die, again and again. It sparkled and gleamed in the sunlight. In gloomy weather it became a soft green and always rippled, laughed, gurgled and sang all at once at me.

B. C., '28.

A CLOUD

A white, fluffy puff of soft wool drifting lazily by in a sea of azure blue, was touched by the sun's last rays and gradually turned into a soft pink. As the flaming sun sank lower and lower behind the purple mountains, the cloud changed once more into a dreamy shade of violet. Then, as the sun disappeared and soft gray shadows embraced the earth, the tiny wisp melted into a purple haze and vanished entirely.

M. C., '28.

A MAGIC WATERFALL

One afternoon I beheld a gorgeous waterfall dashing over the rocks from the still crystal waters about twenty feet above. It crashed down on the rocks disturbing the peace below and landing in beautiful white foam. Then the foam slowly dissolved and the river flowed on undisturbed.

E. C., '28.

FOG

A thick dense mist completely shut me within a world of my own. The mist seemed to be just what people describe as a typical London fog, very damp and depressing. In Newark, I noticed a change in the atmosphere. Whereas in Nutley it was about the densest fog I had ever seen, in Newark the air was very difficult to breathe as it seemed I was inhaling a mouthful of dust, grimy and sandy. It was in this unpleasant atmosphere that I made my way to school.

H.H., '28.

The eclipse of 1925, the first total eclipse I have ever seen, was both interesting and beautiful. To gain a better vantage point we drove near Mountain View. As we approached the different stages of the eclipse were evident through smoked glasses or X-rays. It seemed as though the earth became absolutely void of heat as the totality neared. Beautiful shadows danced over the snow making weird figures in the eerie light. The shadow of the eclipse crossed the sun about 40,000 miles an hour although it seemed to us very slowly, until it almost reached totality. Then, like a jewel in one corner, if a circle has corners, broke forth a gleam of light, then—darkness, complete darkness with just a rim of gases peeking around the edge of the shadow. Then just as suddenly the light returned and grew brighter, brighter, and the eclipse had passed.

D. S., '26.

DESIRE

Oh, you raging, billowing wine-dark sea
If you only knew what 'twould mean to me,
To be a mermaid wild and free,
Riding the waves of the raging sea.

The waves dash up the bleak gray shore,
And sink in the sand to dash no more.
Oh, for the mermaid wild and free
Riding the waves of the raging sea.

But I must always a land maid be,
Never to ride the surging sea,
Nor ever be dashed on the bleak gray shore
Nor sink in the sand, to dash no more.

B. C., '28.

THE CROSS WORD PUZZLE CRAZE

Everybody's doing it
 From morning until night.
 The world's all topsy-turvey,
 Every human mind's a fright.
 It started in the nursery
 With a synonym for "Blah,"
 Which down three countless ages
 Proved a mystery to Ma.

But not content with mighty deeds
 Of great success and pain,
 Up stepped perspiring business men
 To volunteer their brain.
 A tutor's hired for languages,
 Of Latin, French and Greek.
 The Bible's read with greatest care
 While Holy names they seek,
 The dictionary's studied,
 Every suffix is a friend;
 While they even raid the cook book
 From beginning unto end.

And so you'll find it, near or far,
 In palace grand or flat,
 They're living horizontally
 And vertical at that.
 So each sweet night in awe I kneel,
 And plead in earnest prayer,
 That when I go to heaven
 There'll be no such puzzles there!

B. B., '25.

English in Physics Class—"A body weighs twice as less."—E. S.

But we don't advise you to try it.

"Hydrogen is a good extinguisher of fire."—C. H.

Teacher—Jane, can you tell me who succeeded Edward VI?

Jane—Mary.

Teacher—Now, Lucy, who followed Mary?

Lucy (absent-mindedly)—Her little lamb.

School Notes

FROM December to February vigorous activities have filled the crowded days. Christmas vacation, beginning Friday, December 19th, and ending January 6th, began with the usual round of teas, dances, dinners and plays and ended in the New Year with the usual resolutions. Also during these stirring times one of the peaks of the school's career has been reached through the combined efforts of Mrs. Lamont, the Board of Trustees, friends and parents—that is the acquisition of the beautiful R. Arthur Heller estate on Mt. Prospect Avenue for the future home of the school. We are eagerly awaiting the time when we may move into the spacious rooms and feel our sense of ownership to the full.

December 12. We of the Senior Class are preparing to give before the school our own contribution towards the holiday spirit. Perhaps it's a play, or even some songs or a show, but soon you will know why we have been so secretive of late; and the question of where has the bulb from the study hall light disappeared to, will be answered on the day before our lively vacation begins, Friday, the 19th of December.

The constant demand upon our pocketbooks was made this time for the Junior Red Cross. The amount given to this helpful organization was twenty-five dollars, giving proof that the school was well represented.

The Seniors had a Sewing Bee to help out the Fancy and Utility tables in the annual Christmas Fair. Much work was accomplished, numbers of pairs of gay garters besides towels and aprons. Tea was served and the Sewing Bee terminated in a display of the hand-made articles.

* * *

THE WILD RADIATOR

Such things as steam escaping,
Or noises soft or loud,
Or wild-eyed consternation,
Should never be allowed.

* * *

December 6th. For the many weeks approaching Saturday, the 6th of December, everyone was busily working for the Christmas Fair. At last the day arrived, beautiful and cloudless, inspiring everyone to buy pretty things. All morning the chairmen and their committees were busily running around calling for more pins, nails and hammers or questioning, "How much should this be?" or "Isn't this beautiful? I simply must buy it." At two o'clock sharp the tables were

ready, covered with white sheets and decorated with brilliant poinsettias. Soon people began to arrive and by four o'clock there was scarcely standing room. The tables were unrecognizable, they were so bare by six o'clock. The Fair was a huge success from all reports, the total topping the sheet at \$477.50. Money to the amount of \$300 was pledged to the Community Chest; to the Home for the Friendless, \$25; Visiting Nurses, \$25; Social Service, \$25; Holy Angels' Day Nursery, \$25; Salvation Army, \$27.50; and last but not least, the Soldiers' Fund, \$50. This fine result was made possible only by the generous contributions of our many friends.

* * *

The following letter is an acknowledgment of our contribution of fifty dollars to three war families in whom Miss Stokes is interested:

"To the Student Council:

You will be delighted to know how much comfort your contribution brought to three families. Because of his war service, one man was removed to Overbrook a week before Christmas, a total mental case, leaving his wife and two children destitute. I was able to pay a month's rent so that they might keep their home, until arrangements could be made to care for them; a month's supply of milk for the children and food enough to last a week.

Another family would have been dispossessed if it had not been for your help; they, too, received a week's supply of food.

In the third case there were four small children, the father just out of the hospital and the mother just entering one. The children had no shoes, stockings or underwear and I included a few toys. I don't believe those children had ever had dolls before; they are positively worn out from too much loving.

The thing that makes it so pitiful to me, is that each family is suffering because of the man's service during the war. How utterly unfair that the children of the men who served us so well in '17, and '18 should suffer because of it!

When you consider how much help and hope your fifty dollars gave to those families, I know that you will be as happy about it as I have been.

"Rose Stokes."

Toys and books were collected and packed to be sent to the small settlement of "poor whites" far back in the mountains of Kentucky, to Caney Creek Community Center. These with our Christmas trees will be distributed by the settlement workers among the numerous families.

* * *

December 18th. The Nativity Play this year was given on Thursday, December 18th, at the Forest Hill Presbyterian Church. The well-filled church signified success for the Christmas Play; indeed

there was much to entice the people to come. The dark trees silhouetted against the shadowy blue sky made effective scenery for the proclamation of our Saviour's birth. The Virgin and Saint Joseph made an appealing picture as they entered the streets of Jerusalem when they sought shelter and were driven away by the unhospitable hosts. An angel with wings of gold and a celestial voice commanded the slothful shepherd to arise and worship the Lord. In the last act in the stable, the sleepy notes of a lullaby were sung to the tiny child while three kings, the shepherds, the children in the streets and the worshiping throng of angels joined together to sing immortal praise to Him on high.

It was altogether impressive and inspiring to watch. Miss Young, Miss Stokes and Miss Madison were commended for their excellent work in directing the old French play. The solos, duets and choruses were all of a high quality, both in tunefulness and in the natural ease which overcame any barrier between speech and song. The cast follows:

The Narrator	Barbara Bagg
Mary, the mother of Jesus.....	Margaret Dennis
Saint Joseph	Julie Ill
An Angel	Mariana Conklin
The Inhospitable Host	Frances Child
The Slothful Shepherd	Janet Lenz
Three Wise Men	{Muriel Thober
	{Marjory Farrow
	{Frances Conklin
Their Attendants	{ Gardner Van Duyne
	{Jack Ward
	{Roderic Gibbons
Angels	Grades VI, Junior I
Shepherds	Grades III, IV, and V
Village Children	Grades I and II

* * *

CHRISTMAS PLAY

December 19th. "Where is my high hat?" "Could you tie my cravat?" No, this is not an extract from father's pre-dinner speech the night of the banquet; these are frenzied questions from the laboratory at school on the wintry day of December 19. For it was the last day of school and in honor of the occasion the habitually dignified Seniors were entertaining the school by their presentation of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" via the shadowgraph.

It required an entire store of imagination to recognize, in the

screamingly grotesque shadows which danced airily upon the sheet, the girls whom we saw daily. We laughed at the shivering Bob Cratchet and sympathized with the nephew's Christmas spirit and all went home declaring it a work of art. The cast was:

Scrooge	Mary Walsh
Bob Cratchet	Betty Blanchard
Fezziwig	Wilberta Ripley
Mrs. Fezziwig	Dorothy Mc Graw
Miss Fezziwig	Bunny Dixon
Nephew	Eleanor Christie
Nephew's Wife	Katherine Pulis
Plump Sister	Betty Carrington
Fiddler	Marjorie Albray
Clerk	Sarah Bullen
Gentleman	Jane Hawkes

* * *

December 22nd. After many mysterious meetings, the Junior III Class set the date of their dance for Monday, December 22nd. On that evening many brightly colored gowns could be seen flitting to and fro. It was quite impossible to sit still very long while our three-piece orchestra played their snappy music. The most exciting events of the evening were the balloon dance, which caused many collisions, the bag dance and a snake dance. The punch bowl was the main attraction, and it was necessary to refill it many times. The decorations were red and green as Christmas was only three days away. The blackboards were very kindly decorated by M. P., the class artist. Altogether it was loads of fun as the chaperons, Mrs. Lamont, Mrs. Bagg and Mrs. Hapgood, agreed very heartily with us.

* * *

A trip to New York to the Metropolitan Museum was planned by Miss Stokes, to view the furnished rooms of the early colonial period. These rooms, with the original woodwork, tiling and furniture complete were taken out of the English and Dutch houses dating back as far as 1630. The coarse hand-woven linen sheets and quilts remained on the original beds, attracting attention by their great age. The fine Governor Carver chairs and gate-legged tables, mellow with age, were viewed with great delight. Almost everyone wished to have one of the great open fireplaces, with a spreading hearth and worn Dutch tile work as well as some of the original pieces for her own model home.

* * *

During the past two months Miss Young has been taking a group of girls from the elementary grades and Junior I and Junior II classes to a series of Children's Symphony Orchestra concerts directed by Walter Damrosch at Carnegie Hall, New York. Everyone has greatly enjoyed them. The description of the different

instruments played is most instructive, besides being interesting. We are very glad Mrs. Lamont intends to reserve two boxes for next year, and we hope more girls will enjoy these inspiring concerts.

* * *

January 15th. During assembly on January 15th, we were delighted to have again our old friend Miss Wiggins, to tell us some more about the Friendly Relations Club. Miss Wiggins held our interest for about twenty minutes telling of actual experiences among the starving students of Poland and Hungary. Notwithstanding the fact that their needs are few, even the necessities for meager existence are at times unprocurable. Their actual want of food, clothing and educational equipment is pathetically apparent, but despite the hardships, the overwhelming obstacles and dire need for small comforts, the eagerness for education leads them to disregard their severe poverty and struggle with what little they have to gain knowledge. They look forward to American students to help them and thank America for the help in the past. Many of us were so inspired by the stories of suffering that we are planning to make some sacrifice and procure the money ourselves. Let's not forget!

* * *

There are many surprises in school and one awaited us on the morning of January 21, when Mrs. Lamont announced in assembly that we were all going at recess for a holiday walk through the park to Ballantine Parkway and back. All donned boots and mufflers and set off at a brisk pace in the crisp fresh air with the snow crunching underfoot. Walking in twos and groups we hurried off and came back inside of three-quarters of an hour, red-cheeked and glowing with vitality, ready to settle down to lessons. Everyone joins in hoping that there will be more holiday walks.

* * *

We are sorry to say that our Senior class has to lose Jane Hawkes for three months. She is taking a trip to Tucson, Arizona, for her health. Jane is also our very capable Editor-in-Chief of the ASTER, so her position is being filled by Eleanor Christie as Editor-in-Chief, *pro tem*.

* * *

February 3rd. There was much excitement in school, when everyone noticed a bright diamond solitaire on the hand of every teacher. There were rumors of one of them being engaged but which one was it? After whispered conferences and careful analysis of the past and present of every teacher, conclusions were arrived at, but they were all wrong! Suddenly someone found out and the news spread like wildfire. When Miss James was confronted by a questioning, gesticulating, congratulating mob, she blushing admitted her engagement to Mr. Eli Harvey, a sculptor. The rings on

every teacher's hand were the result of a tea given by Mrs. Lamont, the day before, to announce Miss James' engagement. We are glad that Miss James will not leave us until after the school year, but we wish to congratulate the bride-to-be.

* * *

During the month of January, a verse contest was opened to the entire school, the object being to discover heretofore unknown talent, and incidentally to furnish the ASTER with material for weeks ahead. Although Craven's poetesses are usually much too shy to march up to the verse editor and hand in any of their inspirations, many of them took heart, and the result was a huge success. The judges were Miss Smith, Miss Woolson and Betty Blanchard.

Those who received honorable mention were Gladys Heller, Katherine Hawkes and Marianna Conklin.

Margaret Carrington was the winner of a collection of Modern American Poetry by Louis Untermeyer, for her "A Winter Night," having achieved all the rules and regulations of poetry writing, besides making her verse delightful to read.

And now that we have discovered where this precious talent lies, we hope for many ready contributions in the future. This means you!

ODE TO APPENDICITIS

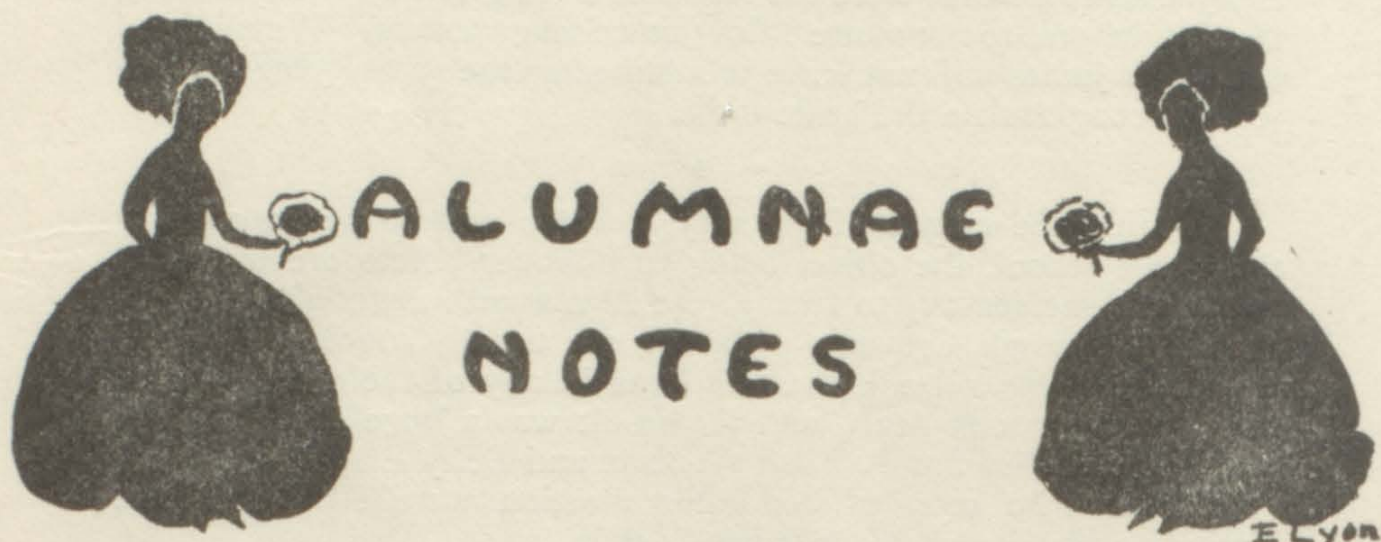
Oh appendix, you and I were friends,
Oh, appendix, you have met your end,
Each demand you made on me
I met with greatest equanimity,
And every time I did, I thought
No battle's ever won unless it's fought
But even so, fear struck my heart,
Thinking we might have to part.

And during our last night together
Not quite so sad have I felt ever,
Wishing I could forget you;
Knowing I ought to lose you;
Thinking of the pain 'twould cause me,
When you and I should separated be.

O. S., '25.

Olyvia Spague

A youth took his first check to the bank. The cashier asked him to indorse it, so he took up a pen and wrote on the back, "I heartily indorse this check."—*Tid-Bits*.



WE are always glad to welcome alumnae, and holiday time usually brings us some from distant parts. At Thanksgiving Kathryn Smith arrived from Syracuse, and Christina Koehler and Mildred Koester came for Assembly. We were also glad to see Betty Heller, ex '23, home from Farmington.

At the Fair, December 5th, Edith Macnabb, '24, was chairman of the tea room which was a huge success. Helping her were Helen Mullins, Elizabeth Arbuckle, Mildred Koester and Helen Roh. Beatrice Marley, '21, Margaret Agens, '23 and others were seen around the rooms.

We wish to congratulate Maria Leiper, '24, on making the freshman basketball team at Vassar. Miss Smith saw her play her first game against V. C. '24, and brought back enthusiastic accounts of her high jumps and persistent guarding. Who knows? Perhaps Teddy helped us win our first game against Beard's, January 16th.

On January sixth a number of us saw Betty Hardham, '23, at School. It was interesting to hear about her work on the *Wellesley News*. She says it is just like bringing out an *ASTER* every week. We sympathize with her.

The day of the mysterious Senior Christmas Play we were glad to see Janet Obrig, '24, back from Wells College. We wonder what she thought of shadow pictures compared with balcony scenes.

Edith Morrison, '20, has announced her engagement to James Flockhart.

Ruth Bulgin Martenis, '18, was married to Everett Wilson Sweezy, in Glen Ridge on New Year's Day. The bride is a graduate of Wellesley, '23, and the groom graduated from Harvard.

The Seniors and other school members will be glad to hear that Mary Barker, '25, made the basketball squad at Miss Master's School at Dobbs Ferry.

We were sorry not to have more of a "crowd" out at the alumnae game, but with the help of our sub-team we managed to have a spirited game and a good audience.

Several alumnae were present when Mr. and Mrs. R. Arthur Heller opened their home to us on the evening of December 27th.

We wish to congratulate Alice Carlton, '22, on graduating from Newark Normal School.

We had a very interesting letter from Irmgard Berger, '22, read to us, congratulating us on our first basketball game.

BORROWED FEATHERS

In the rustling black silk of the eighties
With full bustles behind and before,
An old dress of those bygone dear ladies
Draped Miss Mary and trailed on the floor.

Some small bits of bright red flannel showing,
In the mass of confusion about,
Proves to us that this odd, stolen make-up
Had a mistress, not slim, but quite stout.

On the top of the bright curls of Mary
Sat a bonnet of sombre gray hue,
Which did boast of black feathers in number
And a bright little blue Cockatoo.

Our young lady attired in fin'ry
With a lorgnette held high in her fist
Did decide that she'd call on the neighbors
But—the step of the staircase she missed.

With a thud she arrived at the bottom,
A poor misshapen mass on the floor.
And did cry for the help of her nurse maid
Till she really could cry out no more.

Her dear mother was grieved beyond reason
At the fate of her handsome black silk,
And Miss Mary was sent to the nurs'ry
With a supper of crackers and milk.

Moral: One false step in life sometimes leads to a downfall.

K. H., '27.

Athletic Notes

There has been much activity in the Athletic Association during the past few weeks. First the basketball team was selected and Olyve Sprague was elected Captain and Jane Hawkes, Manager. Since then there has been a new start in the enthusiasm throughout the school, and more people have been coming out to practice. With a team we needed some cheering, so "Willie" Ripley and Esther Sherman were elected cheer-leaders. And they certainly cannot be equaled when it comes to leading the cheers.

We have been hoping ever since the basketball season began this year that we would be able to play some outside schools. Miss Hart thought with lots of practice that we might be able to, and Mrs. Lamont took the excellent advice of our eager and clever coach and consented to let us accept the challenge from Miss Beard's School. And we are certainly glad that she did! We're going to play them again Friday, thirteenth of February. But we don't mind unlucky days, they're luck for us. If many girls come out to practice and we have as good cheering this time as before, we stand a fine chance of winning—so everybody help!

* * *

Rain certainly seems to be in our favor. Friday, the 16th, the day we were to play our first outside game, arrived in all its dampness. But undaunted we swam bravely forth to the Y. W. C. A. to meet our opponents, Beard's. Our team, thanks to Miss Hart, did its "stuff" wonderfully and was enthusiastically backed by lusty cheering. At the end of the first half the score was 5-11 in Beard's favor. When the second half began our team looked determined to change the score entirely in our favor. *And they did!* The second half ended 20-19 in our favor. Close—but more thrilling because of that. Such shouting hasn't been heard in the Y. W. C. A. in a long time. The line-up was as follows:

Forwards—Eleanor Christie, Frances Hare.

Guards—Emily McGregor, Jane Hawkes.

Center—Olyve Sprague.

Side Center—Katharine Pulis.

A fond father discovered his young hopeful reading a dime novel.

"Unhand me, villan," the detected boy cried, "or there will be blood shed."

"No," said the father grimly, tightening his hold on the boy's collar, "not blood shed, wood shed."



The Asterisk

IN THE OLD CLOCK

In the corner had long been forgotten
The clock which so many tales knew.
It was old and tall, almost broken,
That grandfather's clock wasn't new.

It had seen many parties and laughter,
Also weddings, and funerals, and tears,
But now as the fire burns brighter
And lights up the sofa and chairs

Little Willie comes stealing in softly,
And climbs in its big case, with fear,
Lest somebody might hear him enter,
As the door to the hall is so near.

He's waiting and waiting and waiting;
But slowly the moment draws near,
His sister and boy friend are sitting
On the sofa, talking so clear.

The young man moves closer to sister,
Keeps saying low words in her ear,
When out of the clock comes, "Oh, Mister!"
They turn around quickly in fear.

And there stands the clock in the corner
Its vigil ready to keep.
While there in the case, in the corner
Lies Willie, pretending to sleep.

E. B., '26.

"Is this train ready for occupancy?"

"No, sir, this train goes to New York."

Once upon a time there was a man who knew all the words of "The Star Spangled Banner." He was Francis Scott Key.

Up in Watertown the other day, one of the questions in an exam. was: "What is Mars?" One of the answers was: "Mars is the scratches you get on the parlor furniture."—*New York Sun*.

THE KIND THAT HURTS

"Now, what's your candid opinion of my painting?"

"Well, if you really want to know my *candid* opinion—"

"In that case I don't."—*Punch Bowl*.

"Why don't you bob your hair?"

"I can't decide on the style. I don't know whether to have it look like a whisk broom or a feather duster."—*Washington Star*.

A certain Back Bay bootblack is a sociable fellow, and his customers often chat with him. "You're a foreigner, aren't you?" asked a man.

"No, no fore'gner" was the reply, "American from the other side."—*Boston Transcript*.

"A great poet met an ironical fate the other day."

"How?"

"Starved to death with a volume of Bacon in his lap."—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*.

HINTS TO THE REDUCERS

If one doesn't eat for several days it makes one week.

—*Minnesota Tri-V.-Mah*.

A HINT FOR THE THIN

Jump out the attic window and you'll come down plump.—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern*.

Vie—Why the long face?

Vim—I've ceased to be broadminded.—*Punch Bowl*.

"Mr. Elman, you're off the key!"

"There, there, Professor Bach, don't fly off the Handel!"

"Is that joke original?"

"No, I made it up myself."



Exchanges

Dear old Santa was surely good, as he remembered us with many school magazines and papers. We were all greatly surprised and pleased to receive them and we hope he won't discontinue his work even though his "sending time" is past.

Our first remembrance was *The Morristonion*, from the Morristown School, Morristown, N. J. Your stories are worthy of comment, especially "The Princess." We wish you better luck in your future Athletic Meets, whatever they may be.

To *The Packer Current Items*, from the Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y. We wish to extend our congratulations on the fine poetry which appears in that magazine, namely, "Mischiefs," "Grace Court," "Harlequin" and "Dreams."

The Budget from the Vail-Deane School, Elizabeth, N. J., is always so fine that our comment can be none but the best. Keep up the good work. We wish to mention how much we enjoyed reading "Roccapalumbra."

The Link, from Miss Fine's School, Princeton, N. J., we like immensely, but we wish your Exchange List would grow a little bigger.

To *The Scarab*, from the Bergen School for Girls, Jersey City, N. J., originality seems a most fitting adjective to apply. Both your stories and your poems are worth honorable mention.

Indeed, *The Quill* from the Staten Island Academy came without any great delay. The contents of your Literary Department, with special mention of "Help The Poor and Needy," and "Lost And Found," is excellent. May you ever continue your fine work.

The Criterion, from the Paterson Girls' High School, Paterson,

N. J., was sent to us with their Season's Greetings. We enjoyed reading the contents of the Literary Department. The story entitled "A Christmas Lesson," was very good indeed.

In *The Orient*, from the East Side High School, Newark, N. J., we found "The Dutch Doll" exceedingly interesting. Both the stories and the "write ups" give evidence of cleverness and originality.

In *The Skirmisher*, from Bordentown Military Institute, Bordentown, N. J., we found the cuts splendid and so is the story, "Her Father's Wife."

The Magpie, from St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Conn., seems to be in itself complete. We would however, like to see your Exchange List grow a little longer.

The Pivot, from the Central High School, Newark, N. J., was very enjoyable, especially "A Golden Vase."

Reading *The Pilot*, from the Madison Junior High School, Newark, N. J., we were deeply interested in the fine stories and poems. The book is not only attractive but well worthwhile.

The Jabberwock, from the Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass., started with a fine editorial, but the Joke Department at the end seemed to lack life.

WHAT OTHERS SAY OF US

The Budget. "The articles entitled 'Stage Craft,' 'Excursions,' and 'Dante,' are unusually good. We did, however, miss an athletic report in your paper."

The Orient. "THE ASTER is of the artistic and poetic type. It is this characteristic which makes her superior to the ordinary speaker. The story 'Abigail, Silas and the Seventeen Grundies' was both amusing and well written."

Packer Current Items. "Your writers seem to have a good command of the English language and express themselves well."

The Magpie. "While your material is good, the various departments might be more distinctly classified, and the magazine as a whole more unified. 'The Signal' has a good plot, well worked out, and your idea of inserting the work of the Junior Department is a good one."

The Quill. "Your Literary Department, School Notes, and Jokes are very good. A few more cuts might improve your magazine."

The Pilot. "THE ASTER is a fine representative paper. It has a good school news column."

The Scarab. "We enjoyed reading some of your longer articles very much. The composition on 'Dante' seemed to us to be very interesting and well written."

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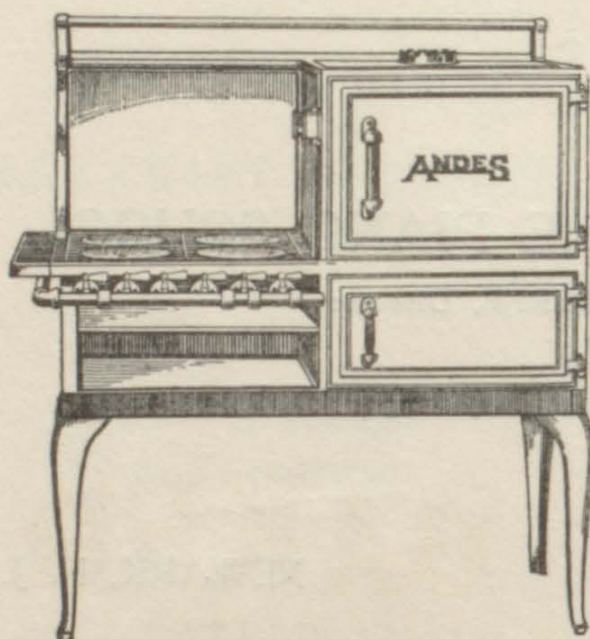
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He—I have an idea.

She—Be good to it—it's in a strange place.



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